A ROMANCE. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Author of "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolf," &c.

Copyright, 2004, by Stanley J. Weyman.

CHAPTER L RESTITEBURG.

I never saw anything more remarkable than the change which the death of my lady's uncle Count Tilly, in the enring of 1632. worked at Heritzburg. Until the day when that news reached us we went on in our quiet

corner as if there were no war.

The news of the Swede's victory in the great battle of Breitenfeld rang through North Germany like a trumpet call. It broke with startling abruptness the spell of victory which had hitherto, for thirteen long years, graced the Emperor's flag and the Roman Church. Even in Heritaburg it stirred our blood. It reused new thoughts and new ambitions. We were Protestants; we were of the north. Those who had fought and won were our

And this was right. Not for a time did I see anything wrong or any sign of mischief brew-ing, though tongues in the town wagged more freely as .the cloud of war rolled over southward and away from us. I saw nothing amiss until the news of Count Tilly's death reached

us alx months later. It was about the third Monday in May of that year, 1632. A broken lock in one of the rooms at the castle had baffled the skill of our smith. and about nightfall, thinking to take a cup of beer at the Red Hart on my way back, I went down to Peter, the locksmith's, in the town. When I had given him his order and come out again. I found that with the darkness of the lane and the blaze of his fire, which had got into my eyes. I could not see a vard before me. Then a warm stream of light shone across the path from a small window on my left, and out of euriosity I looked in.

On a ragged pallet in one corner lay an elderly man, to whose wasted face and pallid cheeks a long white moustache, which strayed over the coverlet, gave an air of incongruous flerceness. His bright eyes were fixed on the door as if he were listening. A child, three or four years old, sat on the floor beside him,

playing with a yellow cat.

It was neither of these figures, however, which held my gaze, but that of a young girl who knelt on the floor near the head of the bed. Alittle crucifix stood propped against the wall before her, and she had a string of beads in ber hands. Her face was turned from me,

but I felt that her lips were moving.
Suddenly a noise, which dully reached me where I stood outside the easement, caused her to start in alarm, and turn her head. At the same moment the cat sprang away af-frighted, and the man on the bed stirred and

tried, as it seemed to me, to rise.

Though I had never considered the girl so sely before, I knew who she was. Some eight months earlier, when Tilly, hard pressed by the King of Sweden, was striving to keep down Saxony with one hand and Hessa with the other, the man on the pallet, Stephen Wort, a Sergeant of jagers, had been wounded in a skirmish beyond the river. Why Tilly, who was used to seeing men die around him like flies in winter, gave a second thought to this man more than to others, I cannot say even now. But for some reason when he visited us before Breitenfeld, he brought the wounded Sergeant in his train, and when he went left him at the inn.

Before the blazing fire in the cheerful kitchen of the Red Hart were eight or nine men, among them Hofman, who was then Burgomaster; Dietz, the town minister, and Klink, our host. They greeted me with a silent nod, then sat sagely sucking their lips or exchang-ing glances, which seemed to indicate a secret

understanding.
After a few minutes Klink rose from his seat. First looking from one to another of his neigh bors, as if to assure himself of their sympathy, he stole quietly across the kitchen to a doc which stood in one corner. Here he paused i moment listening, and then on a sudden struck the door a couple of blows which made the

powters ring again.
"Hi! Within there!" he cried in his great "Are you packing? Are you packing. wench? Because out you go to-morrow, pack or no pack! Out you go, do you hear?"

He stood a moment waiting for an answer. but seemed to get none, on which he came k to his seat, and chuckling to himsel looked round on his neighbors for applause. For five minutes we all sat silent sucking our lips. Then Kiink rose again with a know-

ing look and crossed the kitchen on tintor with the same parade of caution as before Bang! He struck the door until it rattled or "Hi! You there!" he thundered. "Do you hear, you jade? Are you packing? Are you

packing, I say? Because pack or no pack, tomorrow you go! I am a man of my word." He did not wait this time for an answer, but came back to us with a self-satisfied grin on his face. "Eh," he said, raising his eyebrows. Good !" a man growled who sat opposite.

"Quite right!" said a second in the same Hofman said nothing, but nodded, with a siv glance at me. Dietz, the minister, nodded curtir alan, and looked hard at the fire. The rest laughed.

But for my part I felt very little like laughing. When I considered that this clumsy jest was played at the expense of the poor gir whom I had seen at her prayers, I could have found it in my heart to get up and say what I thought of it. I did no more than sniff

and shrug my shoulders.

Klink, however, chose to take offence in his stupid fashion. "Eh?" he said. "You are of another mind. Master Schwartz?" "What is the good of talking like that," I

But what if I do mean it. Master St ward? What if I do mean it?" he repeated. "You don't !" I said. " The man pays."

One of the men who had spoken earlier took up the ordgris. "Ay he pays his way," he said thrusting his head forward. "He pays

his war, master; but how? Tell me that." I did not answer him.

"Out of the peasant's pocket!" the fellow replied. "Out of the plunder and bootr of Magdeburg. With blood moner, master." I only ask to meet one of his kind in the fields," the man sitting next him, who had also spoken before, continued with meaning. "With no one looking on, master."

I thought a shrug of the shoulders a sufficleat answer. These two belonged to the comcany my lady had raised in the preceding your to serve with the Landgrave according to her tenurs. They had come back to the town a week before this with money to spend, some people saying that they had deserted and some that they had returned to raise volunteers. Either way I was not surprised to find them . little bit above themselves. But I soon found

that they did not stand alone.

The minister was the first to come to their support. "You forget that these people are Papists, Master Schwartz, Rank Roman Puplets," he said.

So was Tilly " I retorted, stung to anger. "Yet you managed to do with him."
"That was different," he answered sourly;

Then Hofman began on me. "You see. Master Steward," he said slowly. "we are a Protestant town: we are a Protestant town. And it ili become us, it ili bescome no to har-

Then were we not a Protestant town." cried, jumping up in a rage, and forgetting all my discretion. "when we entertained Count Tilty? When you held his stirrup. Burgonaster? and you. Master Diets, uncovered to him? Were not these people Papists when they came here, and when you received them? But I will tell you what it is," I continued, looking around, and siving my auger vent, for such meanness disgusted me. "When there was a Covacian army aeross the river, and

you could get anything out of Tilly, you were ready to college him and clean his boota." They were all very red in the face by this time, and the two soldlers were on their feet. But the Burgomaster restrained them. "Fise words;" he said, puffing out his cheeks; " words! Dare say the girl can hear him. But

let him be, let him be: let him have his say!"
"There is some one else will have a say in the matter, Master Holman!" I retorted warmly as I turned to the door, "and that is

> CHAPTER II. THE COUNTERS BOTHA.

My lady Roths, Counters of Heritzburg in her own right, was at this time 25 years old and unmarried. Her maiden state, which seems to call for explanation, I attribute to wo things. Partly to the influence of her riend and companion, Fraulein Anna Max of Utrecht, who was reputed in the castle to know seven languages and to consider marriage a sacrifice, and partly to the Countess's own disposition, which led her to set a high value on the power and possessions which had descended to her from her father.

Suitors were not lacking: for my lady, be sides her wealth, was possessed of the hand-somest figure in the world, with beautiful eatures and the most gracious and winning address ever known.

It was my duty to wait upon her every day after morning service. At that hour she was to be found in her parlor, a long room on the first floor of the castle. A screen stood a little way within the door, and behind this it was my business to wait until I was called.

On this morning, however, I had no patience to wait, and I made myself so objectionable by my constant coughing that at last she cried with a cheerful laugh, "What is it, Martin? Come and tell me. Has there been a fire in the forest? But it is not the right time for that." "No, my lady," I said, going forward. And

then, out of shyness or sheer contradictoriness, I found myself giving her the asual report of this and that and the other, but never a word of what was in my mind. While I spoke my lady toyed with a book she

had been reading, and Fraulein Anna turned over the pages on the desk with an impatient hand, sometimes looking at my lady and someimes tapping with her foot on the floor. When I had finished my report and paused. she looked up at my lady and said: "Now, Roths, are you ready?" "Not quite, Anna," my lady answered, smil-

ing. "Martin has not done vet." I saw there was nothing else for it, and after all it was what I had come to do. "Your Ex-cellency knows the Bavarian soldier and his daughter, who have been lodging these six months past at the Red Hart?" I blurted out. Elink talks of turning them out."
"Is their money at an end?" my lady saked

shrewdly. She was a great woman of business. 'No." I answered; "but I dare say it is low. He says they are Papists." My lady rose and stood fronting me, tapping

on the reading deak with her fingers. "This must not be allowed, Martin," she said firmly. You were right to tell me." Master Hofman and the Minister-"Yes," she interposed, nodding quickly. Go to them. They will see Klink, and—"

They are just pushing him on, my lady." said with a groun. What!" she cried; and I remember to this day how her gray eyes flashed and how she threw back her head in generous amazement. Do you mean to say that this is being done n spite, Martin? No, no, you must have made mistake; but go to Klink. Go to Klink and tell im from me to keep the man for a week at least. My cousin, the Waldgrave Rupert, visits me in a day or two and I will consult him." Fratilein Anna, who had listened throughout with the greatest impatience, took advantage

of the pause to interfere. 'Come, Rotha," she said. "Enough triffing. Let us go back to Vostlus and our day's work." "My dear," my lady answered coldly, my day's work. I am trying to do it." Your work is to improve and store your

mind." Fraulein Anna retorted peevishly. True, but for a purpose," my lady said. "There can be no higher purpose than the acquirement of philosophy, and religion," Fraulein Anna said with confidence. Her last words sounded like an afterthought. My lady shook her head. "The duty of a

Princess is to govern," she said. "How can she govern unless she has pre-pared her mind by study and thought?" Frauein Anna asked triumphantly. "I agree within limits," my lady answered.

"There is no but! Nor are there any limits | pie, and will lead, if the matter goes on, to a me read to you out of Voetius himself. In his maxims--"

Not this minute. What is it you want to say, Martin?" she asked. "I see you have something still on your mind." "I wish your Excellency to be aware that

there may be a good deal of feeling in the town on this matter." I said.

"You mean that I may make myself unpopular." she auswered. "I, and not Hofman or

Dietz, am Countess of Heritzburg." She turned away, and I made my reverence and went out and down the stairs and through the great court, with my head high and my heart high also. I might not understand Vostius, but I understood that my lady was

ne, who in face of all and in spite of all, come Hofman or Dietz, come peace or war, would not blench, but stand by the right! And it did me good. I was at the inn before the Countess's voice had ceased to sound in my ears. For a mo-ment I was not observed. I had time to see who were present-Klink, the two soldiers who had put themselves forward the evening be-

lord's eye fell on me, and he seemed to pass "Just in time, Master Schwartz!" cried the fellow insolently. "You can write, and we are just about a petition!"

fore and half a score of idlers. Then the land-

"A petition," I said shortly, eying the fel-low with contempt. "What petition?" Against Papiets!" he answered boldly. And favorers, aiders, and abettors!" ex-

claimed one in the background.
"Master Klink, Master Klink," I said, trying o frown down the crowd, "you would do well to have a cars. These ragamuffine -" "Have a care yourself, Master Jackanapes !"
Is voice oried. "This is a town meeting." the voice oried. Town meeting ?" I said, looking around con-

temptuously. "Jati meeting, you mean, and likely to be a jail filling." As civilly as I could I delivered my message. and as exactly, for I saw that the issue might be serious.
I was not surprised when Klink grouned.

and in a kind of tremor shook his hands. am not my own master, Schwartz," he said. And that is the truth." Then fetch the constable. That is simple.

Or the Burgomaster." Hush !" he said, "he is hotter than any

"Then," I answered flatly, "he had better cool, and you too. See that no harm happens to that girl or her father. You have had fair varning, the rest is in your own hands."

As I turned on my heel to go, the troop round the door raised a kind of heet; and this pursued me as I went up the street. By the time I had reached the market place the cry had ceased. Here however, it began afresh; a number of loose follows and lade crying "No Popers" and "Popish Schwartz" as I passed, in a way which showed that the thing was premeditated. Such an insult had not been offered me since I first came to the town to serve my lady, and it filled me with indigna-tion. It seemed, besides, a sign of change, of bad times coming. Moreover, and this trou-bled me as much as anything, I had recogaized among the fellows in the square two more of the fifty men my lady had sent to serve with Hesse. There seemed ground for fearing that a number had deserted me, and come back in a body and were hiding.

I naused on the stops leading up to the eastle in two minds whether I should not go to the Burgomaster and tell him plainly what I thought; for I felt the responsibility.

Fraulein Max was walking up and down sun-

ning herself. I think she had been watching or me, for the moment I appeared she called.
"Master Martin," she said, peering at me with her short-sighted even. "you are a very foolish man, I think. Why are you disturbing my lady? Why do you not leave her to her studies and her peace instead of distracting har mind with these stories of a man and agirl and Papists? Don't you understand that your

lady has higher work to do?" But my lady's subjects, fraulein ---"Her subjects?" she replied, almost violent-"But, fraulein "Papists are no subjects."

"You do no good by saying fraulein, fraulein!" she replied sharply. "Look at things in the light of reason. What are this man and girl to you that you should endanger your mistress for their sakes?" "They are nothing to me," I answered.
"Then let them go!" she replied, with sup-reased passion. "Chut! that when the mind

pressed passion. "Chut! that when the mind is set on higher things it should be distracted y such mean and miserable objects!" All that day I went about in doubt what I ade and the examilies to which I might in volve her. At another I pictured the girl I had seen praying by her father's hed-plotured her alone and defenceless, hourly insulted by Klink, and with terror and uncertainty loom. ing each day larger before her eyes; or, worse still, abandoned to all the dangers which swalted her in the event of the town refusing

CHAPTER III.

her shelter. Considering I had seen her once

only, to notice her, it was wonderful how

clearly I remembered her.

THE BURGOMASTER'S DEMAND. As it turned out, the other party took the burden of decision off my shoulders. When came out of chapel next morning I found Hofman on the terrace waiting, and with him Master Dietz wearing his Geneva gown and sour face. They wished to see my lady.

Very well, I will see him here," she said. "But first send Grissel and Gretchen to wait on me. Let Franz bring two stools and place them, and bid him and Ernst keep the door. My footstool also. And let the two Jacobs

wait in the hall below."

I gave the orders and took on myself to place two extra lackeys in the hall that we might not seem to be short of men. They bowed three times according to custom

as they advanced, and my lady, taking one step forward, gave ber hand to the Burgomaster to kies. "I would fain applicable for troubling your Excellency," the Mayor began lowly and heavily. "But the times are trying. "Your presence needs no apology, Master Hofman," my lady answered, amiling frankly, It is your right to see me on behalf of the town at all times. It would grieve me much if you did not sometimes exercise the privilege. and for Master Dietz, who may be able to assist us, I am right glad to see him also,"

The Minister bowed low. The Eurgomaster only puffed out his cheeks. Doubtless he felt that courage at the Red Hart and courage in my lady's parlor were two different things. "I am not here in a private capacity, if it please your Excellency," he said. " And I beg your Excellency to bear this in mind. I am here as Burgomaster, having the peace of the own on my mind, which at present is enlangered, very greatly endangered." he repeated pompously.
"I am sorry to hear that," my lady answered.

"Nevertheless it is so," he replied with a kind of obstinacy. "Endangered by the presence of certain persons in the town, whose manners are not conformable. These persons are Pa-pists, and the town, your Excellency doubtless remembers, is a Protestant town."

"Certainly I remember that," my lady said gravely. "Do I understand, then. Master Hof-man, that the Papists you complain of are onspiring to break the peace of the town ?" The Burgomaster gasped. He was too obuse to see at once that my lady was playing with him. He hastened to set her right. b, no," he said. "There is no fear of that

There are but three of them." "Are they presuming to perform their rites in public, then?" my lady rejoined. 'No," he answered, more slowly and more eluctantly as the drift of her questions began to dawn upon him. "I do not know that that is so. But they are Papista."

"Well, but with their consciences we have nothing to do!" the Countess said more sharply. "I confess I fail to see Master Hotman, how they threaten the peace of the town. The Burgomaster stared. "I do not know that they threaten it themselves." he said slowly; "but their presence stirs up the peo-

"Ha! Now I comprehend!" my lady eried in hearty tone. "You fear your constables may e scarcely equal to coping with the rabble." He admitted that that was so.

"And you desire such assistance as I can offer toward maintaining the law and protectng those persons?" Master Holman began to see whither he had

seen led, and glared at the Countess with his mouth wide open. "Well, I must consider," my lady resumed thoughtfully, her finger to her cheek. "But rest assured, you shall be supported. Martin."

the continued, turning to me, "let word be ent to the four foresters at Gatz to come down to the castle this evening. And send also to he charcoal burners' camp. How many men should there be in it?" "Some half score, my lady," I answered,

adding two-thirds to the truth. "Ah! And let the huntsman come down and bring a couple of feeders. Doubtless with our own men we shall be able to place a score or thirty at your disposal, Master Hofman, and stout fellows. These, with your constables and such of the peaceful burghers as you see fit to call to your assistance, should be amply sufficient to quell the disorderly."

I could have laughed aloud, Master Hofman I could have laughed aloud, Master Hofman looked so confounded. Had ha been left to himself, I do not doubt that he would have allowed things to remain as they were, and taken the part assigned to him.

But Master Dists, who had listened with a lengthening face, at this moment interposed. Will your Excellency permit me to say a few words: "he said.

But Master Dietz, who had listened with a lengthening face, at this moment interposed. "Will your Excellency result me to say a few words," he said.

"I think the Burgomaster has made the matter clear," my lady answered coldiy, "Not in one respect," the Minister resolved. "He has not informed your Excellency that in the opinion of the majority of the burghers and ishabitants of this town the presence of these people is an offence and an eyesore."

"It is legal," my lady answered leily. "I do not know what opinion has to do with it."

The opinion of the majority."

"It is legal, "my lady answered leily. "I do not know what opinion has to do with it."

The opinion of the majority.

"Sir" my lady said, speaking abruptir and with heightened color. In Heritaburs I am the majority, by your leave.

He frewned and set his lace hard, but his eyes ank before hers. "Nevertheless, your Excellency will allow." he said in a lower tone, that the opinion of grave and orderly men deserves some consideration."

"When it is on the side of law, every consideration," my lady answered, her eyes sparkling: but when it is ranged against three defenceisas people in violation of the law, none: And more, Master Dietz. she continued, her voice ringing with indignation. It is to oneck such opinion and defend against it it here, and by my faith I will do it."

She uttered the last words with so much fre and with her beautiful face so flushed with feeling, that I started forward where I stood; and for a farthing would have flung Dietz through the window. The little minister was of a stern and hard nature.

"I surfacellency perhaps forgets." he said with a dry cough. "that the times are full of bloodshed and strifs, though we at Heritaburgh have hithered and strifs, though and the clear, the smoke from the elements and the green value stretch

the street of the property of the street of the street of the property of the street o

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIRE ALIGHT. which carried us all the way he wished us to go. Did he isuan at the thought of danger? Straightway we isuashed, too, and this though I knew Herizburg and he did not. Did he speak scornfully of the burghers? Forthwith they seemed to us a petry lot.

He dared even to scold my lady, saying that she had conseted the townsfolk and brought this trouble on herself by pleasuring them; and she, who seemed to us the proudest of the proud, took it meekly, laughing in his face. It required no conjurer to perceive that he admired her, and would fain shine in her presence. That was to be expected. But about my mistress I was less certain; until after breakfast nothing would suit her but an immediate excursion to the White Maiden, the great gars spire which stands on the summit of the Oberwald. Then I knew that she had it in her mind to make the best figure she could; for though she talked of showing him game in that direction, and there was a grand parade of taking dogs, all the world knows that the other side of the valley is the better hunting ground. I was left to guess that the White Maiden was chosen because all the Heritsburg land can be seen from its foot, and not corn and woodland, pasture and mealow only, but the gem of all—the town nestling babe like, in the lap of the valley, with the sray towers rising like the face of some harsh nurse above it.

My lord jumped at the plan. Doubtless he liked the prospect of a ride through the forest by her side.

CHAPTER V. MARIE WORK.

I laughed at my own fears when the morning came, and showed no change except that cheerful one which our guest's presence had worked inside the eastle. I do not know what it was in him, but something there was which carried us all the way he wished us to go. Did he laugh at the thought of danger? Straightway we laughed, too, and this though to determine the duranter of the Papies Wort.

MARIE WORL.

When I came to myself, with an aching head and a dry mouth. I was hard put to it for a time to think what had happened and fearing, a door opened and let into the dark place a flood of ruddy light. Framed in this light a young girl appeared standing on the threshold. She was the girl to rescue whom we had gone down to the lied Hart.

I could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, and the girl started and stopped, peering into the corner in which Hay.

Master Martin," she said in a low tone, was that you?

was that you?"
I had never heard her speak, and I found, I had never heard her speak, and I found, perhaps by reason of my weakness and a softness which pain induces in the roughest, a peculiar sweetness in her voice. I would not answer for a moment. I made her speak again.

"Master Martin," she said, advancing timidly, "are you yourself again?"

"I dent know," I muttered. In very fact I was so much puzzled that this was nearly the truth. "I fyou will tell me where I am. I may be able to say," I added, turning my head with an effort.

"You are in the kitchen behind the locksmith's forge," she answered plainly.

"It is almost noon. If you will drink this broth you will get your strength again."
I seized the bowl and drank greedly. When I set it down my eyes seemed clearer and my

such a sobbing on the step as the heart of man could not resist. So I opened and found the Fapist girl there with a child. She had not been long inside and the boits shut on us, when there began a most tremendous sorimmage in the lains, which issted off and on for half an hour. Then followed a sudden sliones. I had given the girl some food and told her she might sleep with the children un stairs, and we were sitting before the fire while she cried a bit, the was all over of a shake, you understand, when on a sudden she stood up and listened, and presently she cried. There is some one there?

"Well," and I, they will stop there then. I don't open that door again to-night."

"She looked at me pitifully, but sat down for all the world as if I had struck her. In a minute she was up again, and began to go to and fro between the kitchen and the forge door like nothing eles but a cat looking for her kitchens. 'Sit down, wench,' I said. But this time she took no heed, and at last the sight of her going up and down like a dumb creature in pain was too much for me and I got up and undid the door. She was out in a minute, seeming not a bit afraid for hersel,' and, sure nough, there were you and Steve lying one on the loop of the other on the step, and so still that I thought you gone. Heaven only knows how she heard you."

The story he had told had touched me to the heart and filled me with an odd mixture of pity and gratitude.

"Where is she?' I muttered.

"Where is she?' I muttered.

"She is worn out, poor shild. Not that in one sense, Master Martin, "he continued dropping his voice and nodding with a mysterious air. "she is poor. Though you might not think it. I am afraid there is a good deal it what our ruscals here say. I am afraid, to be plain, Master Martin, the father weells only lie and roasted many a woor farmer before his own fire. It is the way of soldiers in that army; and God help the country they march in, be it friend's or foe "."

Well?" I said impatiently: 'but what of that now?" The mention of these thi

many a moor farmer before his own tre. It is
the way of solders in that army: and Ged
help the country they march in, be it friend's
or foe's."

"Well?" I said impatiently: "but what of
that now?" The mention of these things
fretted me. I wanted to hear nothing about
the father. "The man is dead." I said.

"Ar, he is." Peter answered slowly and impressively. "But the daughter? I she has got
a necklace round her neck now, worth—worth
I dars say two hundred men at arms."

"When we had carried you into the house
the other night, she took off her kerchief to
tear a piece from it to bind up your head.
That let me see the necklace. She was quick
to cover it up when she remembered herself.
But not quick enough."

"Is it of gold?" I asked.

He nodded. "Fifteen or sixteen links I
should say, and each as big as a small walnut.
Carved and shaped like a walnut too."

I wished he had not seen what he had, or
that he had not told me the tale. A minute
before I had been able to think of the girl with
pure satisfaction: to picture with a piessant
warmth about my heart her gentieness, her
courage, her dark mild beauty that belonged
as much to childhood as womanhood, the
thought for others that made her flight a perpetual saving. This spoiled ail. But when
ash came presontly to me with a bowl of broth
in her hands and a timid sinile on her lips, a
smile which gave the lie to the sadness of her
eves and the red rims that surrounded them.
I forgot all, necklace, and creed. I took the
bowl silently, as she gave it. I gave it
back with only one "Thank you," which
sounded hoarse and rustic in my own ears.
But I suppose my eyes were more eloquent,
for she bushed and trembled. And in the
evening she did not come. Instead, one of the
children brought my supper, and, sitting down
on the straw beside me, twittered of Marie
and "Go," and other things.

"Use is go?" I said.

"Go is Marie's brother," said the child, openeyed at my ignorance. "You not know (10?"
"It is a strange name," I said, striving to

eyed at my ignorance. "You not know Go?"
"It is a strange name," I said, striving to

eyed at my ignorance. "You not know (fo?"
"It is a strange name." I said, striving to
excuse mysoif.
"He is a strange man," the little one retorted, pointing to Steve. "He does not speak.
Now you speak. Marie says."
"What does Marie says." I asked, for the
child had paused.
"Marie says you saved his life."
"Well, you can tell her it was the other way."
I exclaimed roughly.
"I exclaimed roughly.
"Twice that night when I awoke I heard a
light footstep, and turned to see the girl moving to and fro among the rusty locks and ancient chests in attendance on Nieve. He mendded but slowly. She did not come near me at
these times, and after a glance I pretended to
fail asleep that I might listen unnoticed to her
will, But whenever I heard her, and opened
my eyes to see her slender figure moving in
that dingy place, I felt the warmth about my
heart again. I forgot the gold necklace, I
thought no more of the rosary, only of the girl.
For what is there which so well becomes a
woman as tending the sick, an office which in woman as tending the sick, an office which it a lover's eyes should set off his mistress be youd velvet and Flanders lace?

(To be continued.)

WHERE THE TELEGRAPH WAS BORN

in the University Building. It is remarkable that both Morse and Robert Fuiton, two of the world's greatest geniuses in practical invention, were artists of ability and ortrait painters by profession. It is also noteworthy that the only surviving witness, so far as known, of Prof. Morse's first electrical experiment in the old university building in

cally saved the honor of the invention to Morse. s also a portrait painter. Perhaps no stronger protest against the destruction of the really handsome old university in Washington square could be ad vanced than that it was the actual, original

birthplace of electric telegraphy. Morse made his first practical drawings, it is said, in 1832, while on his way home from Havre in a vessel, which, rather curiously, bore the name of another portrait painter-Sully. In 1835 he was installed in a snug suite of rooms in the northwest corner of the upper floor of the old university building as non fessor of the literature of the fine arts to the university. These lectures he illustrated to his audience, among whom were several prominent artists, his private pupils in the studio and a limited number of the general public. The illustrations which he gave were made on large pieces of cardboard, and every now and then would betray the secret infatuation of the master for ingenious mech-

state of the state with a ground state of the state of th

MARRIAGES OF THE ACTORS. A RUNNING REFIEW THAT IS JUNE

A TRIFLE PECULIAR. Taking a the Acrors and Their Marriages Together, the Marriages are Considerably More Namerous Than the Actors In Part, the Actors are a Ridteutous Minority, The Confirmed Gossip, the Prompter, and

the Innocent were discussing the subject of Now, I don't know that marriage bonds rest more lightly on stage people than on others," remarked the Innocent, tentatively.
"Neither do I know it," said the Gonny. eynically. "But," he added, "that may be her cause, in my case, I know no one off the stage, and, in your case, because you know no one on the stage, generally speaking." "It may be," said the Prompter,

is too much unsupported gossip about the stage people. Now take the case of Lillian At the time of her latest marriage absurd statements were made about the number of her names."
"I know that, interrupted the Gossip. "Lile Han Russell was, of course, Miss Leonard until she became the wife of Harry Braham,

the orchestra leader. Next she became Mrs. Edward Solomon, and is now Mrs. Jack Chatterton, her husband being known as Perugini, and she retaining the name of Bussell for the stage." The innocent said he had that all straight although it sounded fuzzy, somehow. That what he was doubtful about was not that a few stage people marry often, but that many of

them are divorced at all. That depends upon what you call 'marry.' my child," said the Prompter. Let's see: Begin with De Wolff Hopper, who —" Hopper's record is the same as Miss Ross sell's in the number of marriages and di-

vorces, as I remember," broke in the tiossin.
"The first Mrs. Hopper was Nellie Gardner, as I remember, the second was Ida Mosher."
"A pretty chorus girl," said the Prompter. "Yes," resumed the Gossip, "and the third ta Edna Wallaco, actrosa."

"I was thinking more about players in legitimate lines," said the Innocent in an inquiring tone. "Take the Coghlans," suggested the Prompter.

Well," said the Gossip, "Rose first made the mistake that many actresses do of marry ing out of her profession. Her first husband was Clinton B. Edgerly, an insurance man, if I remember aright. She is now happily married to John T. Sullivan, the actor."

'And Charles?" said the Prompter. "Now what's the use of talking about Charley Coghian's case?" asked the Gossip. "The lady we all believed to be his wife is here, and so is that pretty stage-struck girl, Khune Beveredge, whom Charley married out West somewhere. Rose is trying to straighten that affair out, and I guess she'll succeed."

West somewhere. Rose is trying to straighten that affair out, and I guess she'll succeed."

"By the way, wasn't there something in Carrie Turner's divorce which resembles the legal muss about the Princess Colonna's children?" asked the Prompter.

"Something of the same kind, I believe." answered the Gossip. "I was reminded of it by seeing that despatch from Albany the other day, stating that Miss Turner had married John Mack there. Her first husband was a Swiss merchant named His, and is the divorce proceedings the Swiss courts gave him the children, or the child, I don't remember exactly. Mr. His, though, was luckler than the Prince Colonna, for he obtained actual possession under the foreign court decree."

"That Minnie Seigman case has come up again by the sult of her husband, Robert Cutting, in his father's will proceedings." remarked the Prompter, while the Innocent lighted a cigarette thoughfuily. "What was her other husband's name?"

"Dr. Kaulmann, responded the Gossip. "Speaking of people in legitimate lines. I wonder how that Louis James-Marle Wainwright muddle will end. She, you know, was first married to a man named Slaughter—a non-professional. I believe. Now she is suing James for a divorce, but he has married some one else. It resembles the Charley Coghian affair in the dental of marriage."

"Has Robert Mantel married again?" asked the Prompter.

"I don't know whether, Bob has remarried

"Has Robert Mantel married again?" asked the Prompter.
"I don't know whether Bob has remarried since Marie Sheidon obtained her divorce from him," answered the Gossio. "Of course, you know the talk; but, Lord bless us! what's the use of talking?"
"I am giad to see that McKee Bankin and his wife, Kittle Blanchard, have reunited." the Frompter said, taking the Innocent's eignarette for a light. But there was no fire there. "Yes, indeed." the Gossip replied with comfortable satisfaction. "The Bankins are a lovely couple—sait of the earth. And, besides, their reunion disposes of that silly story that Mchee was going to marry Mabel Bert."

By the way, whom did she marry?" asked the Frompter, holding a lighted match to the burned.

Blair were divorced Forest married Mabel."

Explained the Gossin.

Thave heard that Marion Manola first married of the atage." suggested the Frompter.

Bo you remember about that?"

Bo remember about that?"

He first hasband. "repide was in the profession under the name of Carl Irving, if I am not mistaken. Her present husband is Jack Mason."

"Is there any truth," asked the Prompter. "in the report that little Olive May of 'Ine Profession under the name of Carl Irving, if I am not mistaken. Her present husband is Jack Mason."

"Is there any truth," asked the Prompter. "in the report that little Olive May of 'Ine Prompter asked the profession." Interrupted the Gossip, "and the innocent was only asking about stage people. To be sure, the second Mrs. Henry Guy Carlton belongs to the profession—Emb Shannon.

"Ask Ryloy." who used to sing with the Cossip. "In the Frompter asked.

"Ask I understand it Jack is in the right." said the Gossip. "I believe that he and Madeline Lucette are married, and that claimant who eams from London was only trying to you hear about such things. Think of the foolish stories printed about Frederic de Belleville when he was divorced from Molle Fuller, who is now Mrs. Fred Hallon! There were stories that De Belleville had wives in England and Australia, and I think France of the niceet fellows that ever lived."

"Lei's see, "said the Frompter, thoughtfully was Marie Tempest Harry J. Lesies wife." No, you have that mixed up. Nie was divorced in London, I believe, but Lesie was one named as her husband. Pauline Plait, ward White and is Mrs. Harrison in all like and Lillie Post was Mrs. Frank Elair-he is a buffo singer- and she is now Mrs. Scanbody the Prompter, when the Gossip storped to each him for the Prompter was Emma Caraon. Pauli snow married now married to a charming little woman and grassfal extress. Catherine Gran."

"His flast wife was Firsh Washershee, who died, you remember. Next Lesia Farrail sued Nat Jones and Jones